SCHEME OF YERKES, CHICAGO MAG-NATE AND MILLIONAIRE.

Has Put Up a Million Dollar Palace in Gotham, and Will Attempt to Enter the Charmed Society Circle,

New York Press. Millionaire Charles T. Yerkes is about to begin the most audacious campaign of his entire career, a career, by the way, during which he has been obliged more than once to display enough audacity and nerve to supply a hundred ordinary men. Mr. Yerkes and his beautiful wife are about to seek entrance to that interesting circle known as New York society. Years ago they tried to enter Chicago society, but failed miserably. In coming to New York they have adopted a course somewhat like that taken by the Goulds, who, when they failed after a generation of waiting here, went over to England, where, apparently, they won "hands down." There is this difference, however, between the efforts of the Goulds and those of Mr. and Mrs. Yerkes for social recognition, the Goulds would undoubtedly have won easily in New York had they expended as much money and tried as hard as they did in England, whereas Mr. and Mrs. Yerkes might have spent millions in Chicago and devoted years to the battle without winning. Whether they will succeed here or not is a question that time only can answer definitely. That Mr. Yerkes believes success will come to him there is no doubt whatever, for he is far too shrewd a business man to lay out a large sum of money in any enterprise without being reasonably sure of the outcome. He has already expended more than a million-perhaps two-in this social speculation in New York, and this is but a mere beginning, if all the stories as to his intentions are

Most of the money so far laid out in anticipation of the coming social campaign has been devoted to the erection of the beautiful palace at the corner of Sixty-eight street and Fifth avenue. Just how much this house has cost no one but Mr. Yerkes himself knows, of course, and it is doubtful if even he has yet a very definite idea of the figures. The real estate alone is said to have cost \$200,000 and the building about \$600,000, while the furnishings are expected to cost \$500,000 more. All this, in addition to the Yerkes pictures, valued at a million and a half. They are still in Chicago, and are said to have been selected with such rare taste and judgment as to form, in fact, one of the two or three most valuable private collections in America.

dence stands fronts 165 feet on Sixtyeighth street and sixty-one feet on Fifth avenue. It is at the crest of the hill that slopes toward Fifty-ninth street to the south and Harlem to the north. Some of the finest mansions in the world are in the neighborhood. Just across the street stands the residence of Mrs. Joseph L. Stewart, widow of the millionaire sugar refiner, who made his money before the formation of the Sugar Trust. At Sixty-sixth street lives H. O. Havemyer, the sugar king, who made his money out of the trust. At Sixty-fifth street stands the great new palace into which John facob Astor will move this spring. At sixty-seventh street is the mansion ich George J. Gould has abandoned cause of the high taxes levied upon him in New York. On Madison avenue not far away, stands the famous Tiffany house. Certainly Mr. Yerkes will have good neighbors if the possession of money carries with it those qualities that make for neighborliness. A FEW DETAILS.

The architect of Mr. Yerkes's house is Robert H. Robertson, and it took him more than six months to prepare the plans. The main entrance is on Fifth avenue. A high, wide stoop leads to the massive doors. Each step is composed of a single block of brown stone. There are twelve in all, and their aggregate cost is said to be \$12,000. From the upper step arise four carved pillars supporting a cut stone balcony.

The picture gallery, which will be built upon an "L" extending back of the immediately adjacent houses, is 101x25 feet, one story high, and is said to be the largest in the United States. Upon occasion it will be used as a ball oom. The remainder of the house is four stories in height and the outside walls are richly carved to the third

The main doors are of bronze adorned with a Greek design, and the frames are elaborately carved. The doors open into a large entrance hall two stories in height, with a balustrade or gallery around the second story. This central hall connects two genuinely grand drawing rooms, one of which fronts on Fifth avenue and the other on Sixty-eight street. Behind the southern drawing room is the dining room; next to it is the music room, and through the length of the house, from the hall to the art gallery, runs a vestibule or corridor, separating the rooms fronting on Sixty-eighth street from the conservatory-an immense apartment fifty feet long by thirty feet wide. In the center of this, when completed, a fountain will play constantly.

The library, the breakfast from and the sleeping rooms are upon the second floor, and they, as well as the apart ments on the ground floor, are finished in the most luxurious fashion. It is said that from \$30,000 to \$50,000 has been, or will be, expended upon the house appears to be entirely finished, but the men are still employed upon the interior, and it will be some time apparently before the place is ready for

CAREER OF YERKES. Just how much money Mr. Yerkes is worth is unknown to the present writer. It must be a vast sum, for no one but a veritable Count of Monte Cristo could afford to build a palace such as has been faintly described above. He began life in Philadelphia, and it is stated that his first business operation was in soap. Here is the story, though its truth is not vouched for. When he was but a mere lad he left his father's house one morning and strolled down among the docks. Here he ran across a sheriff's sale, the auctioneer of which was selling out the petty stock of a small soap maker who had become insolvent. There were few bidders, and the highest sum offered for the entire stock was \$17. The boy bid \$18, and in spite of his tender years, induced the auctioneer to knock it down to him and then to wait until e could get the money to pay with. Breathlessly the lad rushed into his father's place of bus'ness and asked for The elder Yerkes hesitated, but finally took the money from the till and gave it to the boy. Then the youngster hurried back, exchanged the money for the soap, hired an express wagon and peddled out his purchase to a number

The records are silent as to whether the precocious youngster followed this stroke of business with others during the years that intervened before he was twenty, but it was not to be presumed that he failed to develop his immature financial capacity to the fullest extent. At twenty he entered a broker's office as clerk. Five years later he was junior ber of the firm. A little after that

of small grocers. The next day he re-

paid the advance and had \$31, clear

Among the customers of the broker was Joseph F. Marcer, who had been recently elected city treasurer. Previous to Marcer's time, through some laxity of the laws, the city treasurer had not been obliged to account for the interest on city moneys. Accordingly, each treasurer had been in the habit of investing on his own account, and for years every incumbent of the office had realized a snug fortune. So, when Marcer became a customer of Yerkes, it was municipal funds and not the private funds of the treasurer that were

intrusted to the broker's care. Although this was strictly in accordance with the practice of previous treasurers, it was technically illegal, and disaster followed. Marcer could not produce all the money he had received, and there was a judicial inquiry, resulting in the indictment of both men. Their trial followed, after some delay, and, on Feb. 10, 1872, Yerkes was convicted of embezzlement and larceny and sentenced to prison for two years and nine months. Marcer was also con-victed, and they were both incarcerated in the same institution. Neither Marcer nor Yerkes served out his sentence, for after seven months' imprisonment both were pardoned.

It has been declared that Yerkes's conviction was entirely unwarranted, inasmuch as he was not a city official, but had acted simply as Marcer's broker and in perfect good faith. However, he was imprisoned, and progress was temporarily cut short. During his confinement he made excellent use of his time. He read and studied much and took good care to indulge in regular physical exercise. Attached to his cell was one of the flower gardens so well described by Charles Dickens in his account of the Philadelphia penitentiary, and Yerkes cultivated the little patch of ground as faithfully as did the convict whose work attracted the eye of the British novelist. When released Yerkes was in excellent health, his nerve was apparently undiminished and his friends prophesied

has proven the truth of this prediction. PHILADELPHIA TO CHICAGO. So far as accessible records go there is a blank in the life story of Mr. Yerkes covering the few years immediately following his pardon.

that he would be heard of yet. Time

During his imprisonment his wife had been devoted in her attentions to him. but upon his release he left Philadelphia without her. Only his most intimate friends, and possibly none of them, knew of his exact whereabouts, though it was understood that he had gone West somewhere to begin life again and grow up with the country. Early in the eighties he turned up in Chicago apparently in excellent health and with enough money to enable him to enter the arena of speculation. In this he was as successful as he had been during his earlier career-in fact, he seemed a second Midas, for everything he touched turned into gold. After a little he went into the street-railroad business, and the story of his operations, first as manager and afterward as one of the stockholders of the Chie system, is one of those notable business romances by which the latter half of the present century has neen distinguished

In Chicago Mr. Yerkes made a friend of nearly every one with whom he came in contact, and this in spite of the fact that, as a leading spirit in the management of the cable roads, he was and still is attacked daily by the Chicago newspapers. He had not long been in Chicago when he furnished the editor of each of the journals there with a manuscript story of his life, saying that he supposed it would all have to come out some time, and he preferred that it should be told correctly. Very naturally it was not told at all by the Chicago newspapers. As his wealth increased Mr. Yerkes made himself prominent by reason of his charities. The telescope recently erected in Chicago at his expense is one of the largest and finest in the world.

Mr. Yerkes's business romance was not his only one. For some reason, with which the public is not familiar, he secured a divorce from the wife who apparently had been so faithful to him luring the dark days he spent in the Philadelphia prison, and after that he married the present Mrs. Yerkes.

The second Mrs. Yerkes has often been spoken of as a beautiful woman. It would be, perhaps, more accurate to characterize her as a woman of fine appearance, for, although she is undoubtedly attractive, her face has not the lines of classical beauty. She is tall, well formed and possessed of a most striking personality. Possibly she may not be considered intellectual in the highest sense of the term, but she is certainly a bright woman, and one whose powers of adaptation are far above the average. It goes without saying that she will have abundant opportunity to exercise these powers during the campaign which she and her husband are about to undertake.

Although society refused absolutely to accept her overtures in Chicago, she has many friends among the smart set in New York, and they describe her as who will make a charming and delightful hostess. She has read about all that is worth reading and her literary taste is excellent. Her judgment in pictures, too, is correct and discriminating, and it is said that she selected most of the pictures included in the famous collection of cenvases to be hung in the vast gallery of the new

York, as has his wife, and he expects, no doubt, to enter some of the swell clubs here. Possibly it will be easier to get into society than into the clubs for more than one man of high standing and of great success financially and professionally has found entrance to the sacred precincts of the New York club houses barred by insurmountable obstacles.

Whatever may be the outcome of the social campaign, Mr. Yerkes proposes to rest his bones near New York, and to that end has built a mausoleum in Greenwood at an expense of \$50,000.

Where Poverty Is Not Want. Charles T. Lummis, in Harper's Magazine A prudent New England relative, prone to the warning "money does not grow on every bush," had never been below the

United States. Had she known the west coast, the Puritan conscience would have forced her to seek some other saw to lop boyish prodigalities. For here it does. Here we begin to realize the common—but at home empty—dream of something for nothing. Bargains in dollars! Coin selling out below cost! Help yourself to what you want, and the cashier will give you your money back, and dollars to boot! One may dream what our advertisers would do with such a text. After a cup of heaven's next-last, nextbest gift to man-it is worth while to make the voyage to Under-America to find out what coffee really is—I entered a store on the plaza and bought twenty-five excellent cigars for 75 cents. The merchant rang my

rive-dollar gold piece on the counter, and without emotion handed me six silver dollars and 75 cents in small silver. Fortunately the Western habit of "always coming down stairs that way" stood by me. He had counted too exhaustively to make any mistake. There was contained this any mistake. There was contagion in this. I went to an opposite store and purchased a box of twenty-five such excepcionales as are seldom smoked with us, for \$2, handing out another half-eagle. The vender counted out and gave me \$5.50 silver with a pleasant smile. It was hard to leave a spot where one can make a handsome salary simply by spending money. There was but one hard reality. I tempted the national drink for a dime, and got back but 90 cents from my silver dollar. That, however, is easily overcome. All one has to do is to take gold along. Plenty of gold. Then one can revel in swapping dollars for dollars and a half, if one have the mind to withstand prosperity. Some would require a stand presperity. Some would require a straight-jacket after a few miles on this royal road to fortune.

Didn't Scare Him. Chicago Tribune

"You would be running a considerable risk, Cyrus," observed his elderly friend, "In undertaking to make your living by writing books. The average income of Raiph Waldo Emerson from his books was only about \$5,000 a year."

"I could live like a fighting cock on \$3,000 a year," said the aspiring boy.

TRAGIC STORY OF AN ARKANSAS RE-CLUSE REVEALED BY HIS DEATH.

He Was Born in Opulence, Squandered a Fortune, and Finally Became a Gambler and Desperado.

Little Rock Letter, in St. Louis Globe-Dem-The death on Monday last at his home near Bayou Bartholomew of James G. B. Faulkner revealed a nre history which has scarcely a parallel anywhere. Faulkner lived close to the line which divides Arkansas and Louisiana. His home was a double log cabin situated two or three hundred yards from the creek and flanked on every side but one by a forest of pine and oak trees, He had a clearing three acres in extent, on which was grown all the vegetables he used or needed. He led the life of a recluse, living entirely alone and finding companionship only with his horses, dogs and cattle, of which latter he had a considerable herd that ranged in the canebrakes along the bayou. He devoted much time to hunting, spending with his pack of hounds days together in the brakes and forests along the Louisiana border. At the time of his death he had reached his fiftieth year. Faulkner was born in Albany, N. Y.

people and very wealthy. They fairly idolized their son and he was given every advantage. He was sent to the best schools the country afforded and graduated with honor. It was intended that he should practice law as a profession, and he took a law course at Columbia College preparatory to launching upon his career. But just at this point he began to betray a decidedly erratic tendency. The waywardness which had been frequently manifested during his school days took a new form, and he suddenly announced his purpose of abandoning his studies altogether, and he carried his intention into effect. His parents heard from him, he writing them from Chicago, to the effect that he had quitted the East forever and would hereafter reside in the West. Soon afterward his parents died. leaving him a considerable sum of

His parents were refined and cultivated

money. From that moment began his downward career. He went to Leadville and invested largely in an undeveloped mine near that place. The property turned out to be worthless, and Faulkner, feeling that he had been duped, shot the man through whose representations he had been induced to put up the money. The man was J. N. Simpson. The quarrel occurred in a saloon; both men were drinking. Simpson tried to pull a gun. sent a bullet into his breast. Simpson died in three days. Faulkner was arrested and discharged on the ground of justifiable homicide. On the heels of this affair he was involved in another shooting scrape with a notorious Leadville gambler. The fight was the outgrowth of a game of cards, in which Faulkner claimed he had been swindled out of nearly \$400. When the gambles drew his gun Faulkner struck it, and the shot, glancing downward, passed into his right foot, making him a crip ple for life. The shot fired by Faulk ner shattered one of the arms of the

STARTS ANEW AS A COWBOY. Leaving Leadville, Faulkner drifted into Wyoming, where he secured employment with the Angle-American Cattle Company, a corporation that flourished during the palmy days of the cattle industry in the West. It was organized by Sir John Rae Reid, a Scottish nobleman, with a capital stock of \$800,000, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, being one of the principal stockholders. The company owned a herd of 25,000 head of cattle and had a range of thousands of acres in northern Wyoming. Though starting as a cowboy at \$35 per month, Faulkner speedily developed a capacity for business that attracted the attention of Harry Oelrichs, of New York, who was general manager of the company. Oelrichs intrusted Faulkner with the care and management of the herds of beef cattle when shipments were be ing made. This is a position of great responsibility, but Faulkner filled well, his work being performed satisfactorily. Oelrichs soon made him assistant range manager at a salary of \$3,000 per year.

sum paid him for his work was most acceptable, for when he started with

the company he hadn't a dollar in the world, having squandered a fortune of \$150,000 in bad investments and in de bauchery. For a year everything went well with Faulkner. He had a good position, splendid pay and was among the most popular cattlemen on the Western range. But when the Anglo-American company determined to wind up business he again got into trouble. He was on the border of Colorado, where he had gone to gather cattle. This was in October, 1884. He was accompanied by half a dozen cowboys. The party encamped one night in a canyon not far from the Platte river. Some years ago a party of emigrants had been killed there by Indians, and the canyon had the reputation of being haunted. It was said that just at midnight the spirits of the murdered travelers, a man, his wife and child, made their appearance at the entrance to the canyon, disappearing in the shadows further up the gorge. The cowboys laughed the story to scorn. Faulkner pretended to believe it. He wagered \$50 that Mortimer and Maxwell, two of his men, would not venture into the canyon together at 12 o'clock that night. The boys named accepted the offer. Mortimer, Maxwell and Faulkner sat down beside the camp fire to a game of cards while waiting for midto come, the remainder of the night outfit retiring. As the hours sped on the trio became more and more interested in the game, until Faulkner, who had been steadily losing, though only small amounts, declared that his companions were cheating. The accusation created a tempest. Faulkner tried to get his revolver lying on the ground near him, but before he could reach it Mortimer and Maxwell had covered him with their weapons, and, looking down the muzzles of a brace of pistols. Caulkner was compelled to admit that he had faisified when he accused his comrades of cheating, and that the game had so far been "square" throughout. He made the confession, choking with rage and humiliation.

All this had occurred so swiftly that none of the men asleep in the camp near the disputants had been aroused. Of course the game ended then and shake hands and make up, and this was done with a great show of cordiality, the incident which led to the abrupt ending of the game having apparently been forgotten. A moment later Faulkner glanced at his watch and said: Boys, the time for you to go into the canyon is here. It's nearly 12. Will you do it? I would rather you would let the matter drop and let's all go to bed."

A MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN. Both Maxwell and Mortimer declared, however, their eagerness to win the wager, and without further ado they got their slickers and started up the canyon, leaving Faulkner beside the fire, looking after them. Less than three-quarters of an hour later the the attention of the New York Sun.

TO DAZZLE NEW YORK | he had risen to be senior member, and by 1871, when still a young man, he was one of the foremost brokers in Philadelphia.

A ROMANTIC CAREER | sharp crack of a revolver, fired twice in rapid succession, rang out on the still night air, awaking a thousand delphia. sleeping men, who rushed out of the tent to learn the cause. They found Faulkner some distance from the tent, facing the interior of the canyon. He held his revolver in his hand and his face was very pale. He declared he had seen the ghosts of the murdered family, and the sight had startled him terribly, and he had, scarcely knowing what he did, fired twice at the ghostly looking figures of two of them, the third one gliding away.

Search was made and the bodies of Maxwell and Mortimer were found lying some paces apart. The former was dead; the latter was thought to be mortally wounded and he was insensible. Faulkner pretended to be wild with grief. He said nothing about the previous quarrel, but declared that he had mistaken the boys, each of them wearing a long slicker, for the spirits of the victims of the Indians' hate and had unwittingly killed them. Maxwell was buried that morning at daybreak in the canyon, while Faulkner rode off in search of a doctor. He never returned. Mortimer recovered. He stated that Faulkner had deliberately planned the murder of Maxwell and himself. No effort, however, was made to ap-prehend Faulkner, who fled to the Indian Territory, where he soon became notorious for his deeds. While in the Indian country he adopted a number of aliases; sometimes going under the name of Toungood, and sometimes adopting any name that might strike his fancy. It would be needless to record his many exploits, but, though many and varied, he succeeded in keep-ing out of the clutches of the law.

Finally he was implicated in the robbery of Folsom's store in the Choctaw nation and was sentenced by United States Judge Parker, in the Federal Court at Fort Smith, Ark., to three years in the house of correction at Detroit. Faulkner asserted that he had nothing to do with the robbery, but that two Choctaw Indians, who had a grudge against him, perjured them-selves in order to be revenged on him. He only served a short period of his term. He had influential friends at Washington and Albany, N. Y., and through their efforts he was pardoned by President Arthur some time before the Cleveland administration came in.

"LIMPING JIM." THE TERROR. After his release Faulkner went to Texas, and for a time secured employment with the Malloy Cattle Company. He soon threw up his job, however. His propensity for gambling had grown apace and he seemed never happy unless in a game of cards. These games usually wound up in a fight, but somehow he always came out unscathed, while his reputation as a man of pluck and nerve was greatly enhanced. Among the border towns of Texas and Louisiana he was known and feared. and the announcement that "Limping Jim"-for that was the name by which he was known, his real identity being concealed from all but his most intimate friends-spread a feeling of almost positive terror even among men whose boast was that they were afraid

One time Faulkner suddenly left his haunts in Texas and went back to Wyoming. He stopped a day or two on Wind river, in the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indian reservation. He lived in his tent, cooking on a sheetiron stove which he had with him, and scouring the surrounding country, evidently searching for something. He rode ponies which he bought from from the Shoshone Indians, and ways carried in addition to a Winchester rifle and a brace of Gix shooters a nick fastened to his saddle bow. He disappeared from the country about the time the stage running between Lander and Rawlins Wvo. on the Union Pacific railroad, was robbed in 1889. A larger sum of money was secured by the robber, who was traced for miles through an uninhabited territory by Shoshone Indian scouts, but he was never captured. Although suspicion pointed strongly to Faulkner, he

The cause of his visit to Wyoming and location for weeks and months on the reservation was to find a gold mine the existence of which had been dis closed by a gambler named Wilson who was subsequently killed in a row in a Denver gambling house. Wilson offered Faulkner an interest in the mine for a stated sum, but Faulkner had sunk a fortune in a Leadville sil ver mine and declined to invest a dol lar. At length Wilson gave Faulkner the exact location of the mine as se curity for a loan, with the understand ing that he was to develop it and ge a one-fifth interest for the trouble and expense. But Faulkner could not find it, though he spent considerable time after Wilson's death in searching for it, the description of the location of it as given by Wilson having been inaccurate. The mine was subsequently discovered and developed by Arthur M Sparhawk, ex-sheriff of Fremont county, Wyoming, and is to-day a paying

property. SILENT TRAGEDY OF HIS DEATH. Faulkner came to this State from Louisiana five or six years ago and settled at the spot where the last days of his life were spent. He shunned communication with every one, his nearest neighbors being total strangers to him. He found outdoor enjoyment in looking after his cattle or in scouring the swamps and woods with his dogs in search of game with which the country abounds. It is a wild, iso lated section, thinly inhabited. Faulkner was a virtual king over a wide do main, for there was no one living within many miles of his abode, and those with whom he now and then came in contact had no thought of disturbing him or disputing his sovereign-ty. To them he was a mystery, for no one knew anything about him and he took no one in the locality into his con-

fidence. The motive which induced him to lead such a life is unknown. Perhaps he had grown tired of "the pace that kills" and decided to spend his remaining days in solitude and seclusion. Be this as it may, his end was as tragic as his life had been stormy and tumultuous. He died alone, without friendly voice or hand to soothe or cheer his last hours. Even his death was revealed by chance. Two or three men were riding through the swamps in the vicinity of his cabin searching for stray swine. They passed by the house and were attracted by the mournful howling of the dogs, and, dismounting, entered the building. Faulknet was found stretched upon a bed in one of the rooms, dead. Death had evidently resulted from heart trouble there being nothing to indicate that he had perished through suicide or by violence. He had been dead some hours. Everything in the room appeared to be just as he had left it when he retired, probably the night before. A lamp was still burning on a table near the bedside. Papers, books and writing material were scattered around where he had thrown them. There were volumes of poems and works of various authors on spiritualism and there. Maxwell suggested that they all | kindred subjects. There were also a lot of manuscript poems and journals. showing that Faulkner had a literary turn. Two or three of the poems were above the average. The journals were records of his every-day life, dating back many years and giving a succinct account of his life in the West and South after leaving the East. Unlike most men of his type, he had no love affair, the name of no woman being mentioned in all the long and eventful career which he had from time to time jotted down, and which was interspersed with so many bloody and startling tragedies and incidents,

Likely to Receive Attention. Washington Post.

THE OLD COTTAGE ON TELEGRAPH

Memoirs of the Gifted Family of Actors Recalled on the Pacific Coast, Where They Long Resided.

HILL AT SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco Chronicle. There is a little house on Telegraph Hill, commanding a noble view of San Francisco bay and its shores, which could a tale unfold had its walls but ears and tongues. The cottage was the home in the early fifties and for many years of the historic Booth family. Many of the best people of the city lived on Telegraph Hill in those days, and the neighborhood was a sort of headquarters for the theatrical folk. To the pretty home on the hill Junius Brutus Booth, the younger, took his wife and little daughter, who is still

living. Mary Booth, the wife, was young, beautiful and beloved. She was a clever actress, too, and it was her husband's delight to see her enact pretty juvenile roles, as she very frequently did under his management. Mrs. Booth's death was a sudden and shocking one, a terrible blow to a man of Booth's sensitive disposition. Confined to her room by a slight indisposition, Mrs. Booth, presumably in a fit of mental aberration, drank the perfume from her toilet bottles and died from the effect of the poisons it contained. She was buried in Laurel Hill Ceme-

tery, but her memory is green in the hearts of many San Francisco people who knew and loved her in the old days when her little home overflowed with generous hospitality and with good cheer for all the actor people who came this way. Mrs. Booth died in the early sixties. Years before this Junius Brutus Booth, the elder, and young Edwin, a stripling of nineteen, had come to the home of their brother, anxious to try their theatrical fortunes in the new land of gold and of promise. The son "June," as he was familiarly called long ago and as he is still-tenderly recalled by gray-haired men and women who have watched forty years of sunsets through the Golden Gate, came to California in 1849. In 1852 he went back to the old home in Maryland for the purpose of bringing his father to the Pacific coast. The father, threatened at times by an overhanging cloud of insanity, had become so dependent upon the boy Edwin that it was not until the latter had been persuaded to accompany him to California that he could make up his mind to undertake the long journey. Finally the little party took ship at New York, and after thirty-seven days' sailing they arrived in San Francisco in July, 1852.

TRYING THEIR FORTUNE. Booth made his first appearance a the old Jenny Lind Theater. Edwin and "June" both appeared with their father, Edwin taking such parts as Laertes, Richmond and Jaffler.

After a highly successful engagement of four weeks at the Jenny Lind the Booths went to Sacramento. The Jenny Lind Theater site had been purchased for the City Hall and the building was to be torn down. The Sacramento engagement was a financial failure, and the reception, though kind and cordial. fell so far short of the enthusiasm and rapture of the San Franciscans as to prove a great disappointment. In September Booth played to overflowing houses at the Adelphi Theater. Edwin had, during the California tour, shown such talent and promise that his father determined to leave him to carve out a career for himself in the great West. and that he should not be overshadowed by the greatness of his noble and famous father.

Before the parting the father pre sented to June the Richard's crown which he had treasured for many years saying, with painful significance, that he should not much longer need it. The young men saw their father se sail for home in October with the great est grief. He was in the best of health but the love his children bore him was very great, and perhaps there was a premonition that the parting on board the Brother Jonathan was final. After the departure of his father young Edwin set out upon a tour to Nevada and to the mountain towns of California, then of vastly more importance and population than at present. There was a little company of which D. W. Waller was manager and star actor. The enterprise was most unfortunate from the beginning, and the party encountered storms, disappointments and disasters. At Grass Valley a terrible snowstorm made all the inhabitants of that mining town prisoners, and the players, with all the people of Grass Valley, were in danger

of starvation. GUESSED THE TRUTH. Already lonely and disheartened enough, young Edwin Booth received one stormy night the news of his father's death. It was brought by one of those hardy stage drivers who were the heroes of the mining camps, but who journeyed this time without his vehicle. Edwin's intuition was so wonderfully keen that when a friend came to him in his lodgings to break the news of his bereavement the boy read the message in his comrade's grave face and exclaimed, before a word had been spoken, "My father is dead." A group of hardy men soon organized an expedition to escape from the

snow prison, and Edwin joined them and walked fifty miles to Marysville, where he arrived wretched and destitute. By some means the boy managed to continue the journey to San Francisco, and one can imagine that the liftle home on Telegraph Hill was to the a haven and a refuge of peace. Junius had news from home. body of the beloved parent had been interred at Baltimore. The mother sent brave messages to her sons to the effect that they must stay on in California if fortune favored them there, and this they decided to do. The elder Booth's last appearance in California was at the Adelphi Theater, but upon his arrival in New Orleans he was so well and so full of ambition that he decided to play at the St. Charles Theater. He played Sir Edward Mortimer in "The Iron Chest" for six nights running, beginning Nov. 19. He took a severe cold in New Orleans and died on a Mississippi river steamboat on Nov. 30 while trying to reach Cincinnati. He was but fifty-seven years old and seemed to be at the zenith of his powers. There are many people in the city

with the Booth family. One old neighbor remembers the day in 1856 when Junius, riding up the hill on horseback called out excitedly, "Cora and Case; are hanging out of the windows of the vigilance committee rooms." The message was responded to by stampede, for the vigilance committee had their headquarters on Sacramento street and the dreadful sight was in

plain view from Telegraph Hill.

still who were intimately acquainted

THOUGHT BOOTH WAS STABBED. Another neighbor of the Booths on Telegraph Hill remembers a little occurrence that did not turn out to be a tragedy, though it frightened pretty little Mrs. Booth nearly to death. Junius had secured some ripe tomatoes-something of a luxury in the early fifties. He bought a choice beefsteak also, and, putting them together in a bag, he threw that across the horse behind his seat in the saddle. Now Billy was a

snow-white horse and the tomatoes were oft and ripe. When Junius reined up before his own door a stream of what appeared to be blood had stained Billy's flanks, and Mrs. Booth, thinking some rufflan had stabbed her lord, played the tragedy queen without studying the

Among the most intimate friends of the Booths were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thayer. Mr. Thayer, who came to this city in 1849, and has trodden the boards here for forty-five years, is sharing the fate of California writers; he is sick and poor, and is forsaken and forgotten in his old age. The Booths, Mrs. Sinclair, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett and James Murdock were his friends and his contemporaries: he has survived them all, and to the public he is more dead than any of them. Mr. Thayer remembers, as if it were yesterday, when Edwin Booth essayed a great tragedy part for the first time. play was "Richard III." Booth was iressed for the stage and was waiting in the wings. "Ned," he said to Thayer in the popular slang of the day, "I am trying it on the dog." NO USE FOR WOMEN.

"Among men," Mr. Thayer goes on to say, "Edwin Booth was a jolly good fellow. He could drink with the best of us, but when it came to the women he hadn't a bit of use for them. He was a handsome boy and the ladies were wild over him. I have carried him messages and notes enough to turn any man's head, but he never responded and would never meet any woman if he could help it. It was the strangest thing in the world the rest of us used to think. Why, women were scarce out here in '52, and, I tell you, they usually had things all their own way. I wonder if there are not some grandmothers in San Francisco now whose cheeks might burn with the remembrance of the way they courted the handsome young

Mrs. Thayer confirms what her husband says regarding Edwin's taciturnity toward women. She herself played with him many times, and even played Ophelia to his Hamlet the first time that he undertook the great role which won for him so much fame and affectionate admiration. Mrs. Thayer says that notwithstanding her close association with Booth in his work she never exchanged twenty words with him out-

side the lines of the plays.

The home of Junius did not at all suit Edwin as a domicile. There were always women about, and that was a state of things not to be endured. With a number of other young actors he took a house well out of town at Pipesville, on the Mission road, and the party kept bachelor's hall together. At 7 o'clock in the evening they used to come galloping up to the theater on horseback, a gay cavalcade, and all with knightly top boots half way to their hips.

Mrs. Thayer remembers "June" as an athlete; he was tall and well built; he had the grace which was common to all the Booths, and he was exceedingly fond of boxing and fencing. He was a grave and quiet man, prudent and conservative, a good actor and a faithful friend. The death of his young wife shadowed his life, and if he was a less enterprising and brilliant actor than Edwin, he was none the less beloved by those who were fortunate enough to know him intimately.

RETARDING PHYSICAL DECAY. Care of the Health at All Ages That Will Lengthen Life. William Kennear, in Harper's Weekly,

"If the repair were always identical with the waste life would then only be terminated by accident, never by old This is a fact well known to all who have investigated the subject, though Mr. G. H. Lewes, in his "Physiology of Common Life," makes the statement quoted. In early years this balance of the human system is admirably preserved. As man advances in life, however, and gets up to fifty or sixty he begins to get stiff in the joints and experiences what he calls "feeling Renovation of various organs of the body depends on the blood, and if this supply is not at all times furnished in sufficient quantity and quality a gradual deterioration takes Heart and arteries become clogged and the whole delicate machinery suffers from the lack of nourishment. Deposits of phosphate and carbonate of lime accumulate, and the change is really a chemical one by which the blood is hindered from going to the extremities of the system and fulfilling its work of repair and renovation. Old age then is the result of a change in the blood, which becomes overloaded with earthy salts, leaves its refuse matter in the system, and the valves of the heart become cartilaginous. Becoming thus, the heart is not able to propel the blood to its destination. Arteries also having become ossifled, a still further obstruction takes place, and the whole body languishes. Blood is life. If it is kept continually in good order our years are prolonged. New bodies, as in youth and early manhood, do not accumulate these fibrinous and gelatinous deposits, which, as the years go by, help the gradual process of ossification and cause the decrepitude of age. Now if some means were discovered by which the blood could be kept in a condition like that of youth it would throw off these earthy salts which obstruct the action of the heart and arteries. Our food and drink make our blood. It seems, then, that it is to them we should look primarily for the quality of it.

Without eating and drinking there is no life; but we may select certain kinds of food containing a minimum amount of the elements which cause the osific blockages in the system. An English physician, Dr. C. F. De Lacy Evans, who made many researches in regard to our food, comes to the conclusion that more fruit should be eaten, especially apples, grapes and bananas, they being rich in nutritious elements. Being deficient in nitrogen, they are best for elderly people, as they keep the

blood in a better condition than flesh. After the age of sixty people should eat less beef and mutton and use more apples and nuts of all kinds, the latter being rich in many of the nutritious elements of meat. Fish and poultry have not the objectionable earth salts of beef. In order to retard physical decay and to keep the blood in a wholesome condition distilled water is recommended. It has solvent qualities which act upon the earth salts in the blood and expel them from the body. A goblet of this water taken three times a day, with ten or fifteen drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each glass, has a tendency to assist the blood in eliminating the obstructing salts. A man is as old as his arteries. If they are soft and compressible the deteriorating effects of old age have not appeared. Flourens in his well-known work on "Human Longevity" cites the case of the Italian centenarian Cornaro, whose recipe for health and long life was extreme moderation in all things. Flourens himself insists that a century is the normal life, but that fifty years beyond, and even two hundred years are human possibilities under advantageous conditions. Hufeland also believed in two hundred years as an extreme limit. Sir James Crichton Browne, M. D., concedes, in a late address, that Flourens was right. Duration of growth gives the length of life. Hufeland held that the human body grows till the age of twenty-five, and that eight times the growth period was the utmost limit of man. But if twenty years be taken as the time of growth, even five times that will give us a century. According to Flourens and Cuvier, man is of the frugivorous or fruit and nut eating class of animals, like the gorillas and other ages and monkeys. Man has not teeth like the lions and carnivorous beasts, neither has he teeth like the cows and herbivorous ones. Intestines in the man are seven or eight times the length of the body; the lion's are but three times the length of his body. Herbivorous animals, like the cow, have intestines forty-eight times the length of the body.

So, judging mar by his teeth, his stomach and his intestines, he is naturally and primitively frugivorous, and was not intended to eat flesh. Fruit is aperient, and apples act on the liver

and are good brain food also, as they contain much phosphoric acid. As to the effect of certain climates, perhaps too much stress has been laid upon that. We find that Thomas Parr, who lived in England, died in his 153d year and was dissected by the celebrated discoverer of the circulation of the blood, Dr. William Harvey (who expressed no doubt of his age), was never out of his native country. Accounts of men who have lived to extreme age in Ecuador and Mexico indicate possibilities. A climate that allows much outdoor living is the best for health. More depends on food than on any climate Exercise, fresh air to live in and to daily bathing and freedom from medicine are the important things. In July, 1893, the Courier-Journal of Louisville published a long account of James McMullin, who died in Carlisla county, Kentucky, at 117 years of age. When Buffon, Hufeland, Flourens and men of that class, who had studied the subject, believed in the possibility of 150 or 200 years of life, the subject is not to be laughed at.

MRS. BOOTH'S PLANS.

The Salvation Army Leader Talks of Her Work and Its Results.

Chicago Evening Post.

There is no affectation or cant about Mrs. Ballington Booth. She is simply a sweet young woman in army dress, one with natural beauty and refinement and repose of manner that come but with birth and

Even the austere garb cannot conceal her womanly charm, any more than the enforced plainness of her coiffure can tame the riotous waves of her bonnie brown hair or the earnestness of her mein disguise the racing dimples or the gleam of perfect teeth. When one thinks of it afterward, a little figure in the garb of a Salvation Army soldier has but strange setting in a handsome drawing room, and yet among the marbles and bronzes and tapestries and brocades of Mrs. William Borden's splendid rooms Mrs. Booth fits in like a jewel in its proper casket. She laughs a little when somebody drops a remark about her costume. "Yes, we of the army are wonderfully free from the tyranny of dressmakers; our gowns last a long while and they never go out of fashion, nor are they ever too good to kneel down in the public streets or to go to the vilest slums. When they grow dirty we just wash them with soap bark and they are nearly as good as new, and sleeves—oh, we can always draw our coats over our dress sleeves without the least bit

But Mrs. Booth has a steady brain, a strong will and fixity of purpose. She has come here to awaken interest in rescue work, and rescue work is accordingly her

theme.

"I wouldn't depreciate the methods of any other organization," she says, "but I do think that the Salvation Army has opportunities for rescue work that are unapproached by other and different methods. The army goes into the slums, and learns to know the people, and gathers the fallen into the homes, while most rescue homes simply set their doors ajar, and say 'here is a home for you—if you will come to it.' And the girls don't come. They wait to be brought, and it is the army soldiers which bring them. Oh, I believe that the doctors will do a great deal to help along the work. I'm a firm believer in the medical fraternity. Many a poor girl will turn to a nity. Many a poor girl will turn to a physician with confidences which she never would take to a clergyman. If I hadn't been what I am, I think I should have been a surgeon—they come so near to the hearts and lives of people. In New York we have one dear physician who attends to our rescue home work faithfully and well, and without money and without price—simply for the work's sake. Yes, we take in all grades. Poor drunkards, whom we try to keep apart and to themselves; young beginners in the work was also sake to be a s ginners in sin, whom we also seek to shield from contact with the others, and even those unfortunates who have sunken so low those unfortunates who have sunken so low that even the vilest saloon will no longer harbor them. Humanly speaking, I grant you, these last seem beyond redemption, but we of the army believe in the miracle of a changed heart and regenerate life, and that with Christ there is nothing impossible. Oh, I have seen brought into our rescue homes girls so deprayed and wrecked that it has seemed that all we could do for them would be to pass them through the hospital, treat them with a little love, and then bury them. And I have seen these same poor creatures arise clothed and in their right minds, praising God and living upright and honest and useful lives in His service. A miracle? Yes, we believe in miracles of that sort.

"Chicago needs a rescue home sorely. We know that, for our slum work and rescue work go hand in hand, though managed as strictly separate departments. Wherever we have a rescue home it is filled, and we could fill twice as many as we have. A

we have a rescue home it is filled, and we could fill twice as many as we have. A feature of our work is that our matrons are trained workers—not merely good-natured, kind women, who are untried and very likely inadequate though well-meaning. It is a difficult position, this of the head of a rescue home, and the one who fills it must be a woman of great, deep, sympathetic heart, yet one with hard, sound, practical common sense and strong will. No, we could never use one of the rescued for such a position, were she never so capable, for a woman at were she never so capable, for a woman at the head of a rescue home must by her life the head of a rescue home must by her life command infinite respect, otherwise half her influence would be lost. Captain Palmer, the officer who will be in charge of the Chicago home, has been proved and tried. She was in charge of the home in Cleveland, and will be assisted here by two or three officers whom she will have in training for the work."

When asked what parcel or lot children

When asked what parcel or lot children and little folk had in the army Mrs. Booth and little folk had in the army Mrs. Booth declared that that was foreign to the subject in hand, but said that the junior departments of the army were very strong and that slum work included the establishment of creches and day nurseries; also that rescue work frequently included quite small girls.

small girls.

"This is terribly sad," said Mrs. Booth, speaking slowly, "and something becode who live in the other half of the world fall utterly to comprehend. But the army workers find children of the slums bred to a life of sin. Many a husband lives on his wife's immoral earnings and many a mother sends out her little children to get her living in the basest way on the streets. In this manner all sense of right and wrong is early lost, all sense of shame; and when grown-up women come to us, women of is early lost, all sense of shame; and when grown-up women come to us, women of twenty-five or thirty years, perhaps, who began this horrible life in childhood you can imagine how mentally, morally and physically warped they are. We have to cultivate in them a sense of shame, for they have none; a distinction between right and wrong, for they know none. Even their wits seem scattered, and we have to work carefully to stir in them an intellect. Yes, it is work which needs trained and patient carefully to stir in them an intellect. Yes, it is work which needs trained and patient laborers! Sometimes, and this is cruelest of all, these little children are most piteously sined against. Tiny tots are left by their working mothers alone all day in miserable lodging houses and fall prey to the first inhuman brute who chances there. And for this crime—which is ineffably worse than murder—the usual penalty is two years! Ah! if women had more to do with the framing of laws it would be better. with the framing of laws it would be better for the world of women!"
"Do you, then, believe in universal suffrage, Mrs. Booth?"
"I do not know whether I do or not. I

"I do not know whether I do or not. I haven't thought the matter carefully out, but I believe if women could legislate in matters affecting the honor of women and children that no criminal guilty of such an enormity would ever be free to commit it again. He would not be awarded a punishment less than that given for snatching a pocket-book on the street!"

Preventive work of this and other sorts is something Mrs. Booth strenuously aims at. Her mother heart makes her especially at. Her mother heart makes her especially yearn over the children of this bitter, halfworld. After Chicago she is invited to atworld. After Chicago she is invited to altend to the opening of rescue bomes in Seattle, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas and Texas, as she is at the head of the slum and rescue departments in America. Talking of the United States Mrs. Booth says: "I am a naturalized citizer. America is the only country. I ever really loved, the only one which has ever stirred within me a feeling of patrietism. I should not feel sorry if I knew that I should never cross the Atlantic again!"

Nevertheless, her accent is sufficiently English to satisfy even a Bostonian! English to satisfy even a Bostonian!

The Infant Terrible.

Washington Post.

Every normal minded person will admit that "a babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure," but there are those who think that from the time that the babe begins to talk till it arrives at years of conversational discretion it should be kept on some of the far off islands of the South sea. A woman I know is tempted to be off their way of thinking, although she is the mother of several little ones. I lunched at her house last Friday with a friend whose manners are daintiness personified. My friend was toying with a bit of cold turkey, when the infant of the family, a boy of six or thereabouts, looked up and said, "Why, Mrs. Blank holds her finger just like mamma does when we have company," Mrs. Blank hinshed, and mammawell, mamma thought of the South sea islands, I know. Washington Post.